Volume LXIV CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1910 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IN MEMORY OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Every year brings an increasing number of pilgrims to Concord who are drawn there by their veneration for Ralph Waldo Emerson, and who see his house and the places which he loved, but find no fitting image of the man. It has seemed to many that this want should be supplied, and that the wide circle of men and women who are indebted to his teachings would be glad to join in erecting a statue of Mr. Emerson in the town from which he sent to the world the message which has done so much to uplift humanity and where he lived and died.

We have been appointed a committee to procure and erect such a statue, and the sculptor, Daniel C. French, who in his youth was Mr. Emerson's neighbor and friend, has consented to undertake the work.

We need $20,000 for the purpose, and had raised about $7,000 when the earthquake at San Francisco diverted contributions to that more pressing need. We now wish to complete the work, and we ask every friend of Mr. Emerson to send what he or she can, no matter how little, to Lee, Higginson & Company, 50 State Street, Boston, who will receive and acknowledge all contributions.

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Concord, Mass., January 1, 1910.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910. NUMBER 21.

THE LOST WINGS

"Oh, poet, at the Mart of Sordid Things,
Where the merchants strive and barter all day long,
Where the clamour of the huckster drowned your song,
"Know you where it was I lost my wings?"
"Oh, poet, at the Mart of Sordid Things."

"Know you where it was I lost my wings?"
"Oh, poet, at the House of Pleasing Things—
At the place of noisy laughter, where the mirth
Of wine and feasting dragged your song to earth.
Oh, poet, at the House of Pleasing Things."

"Know you where it was I lost my wings?"
"Oh, poet, at the Place of Trifling Things—
The little scorn, the spite, the lesser love,
These maimed your song and killed the sweets thereof.
Oh, poet, at the Place of Trifling Things."

"Where then shall I find my wings again?"
"Oh, poet, in the Prison House of Pain—
From the silence, from the anguish, from the night,
Shall the sudden sound of singing thrill to flight.
Oh, poet, in the Prison House of Pain."

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

Perhaps some of the attendants on the Sunday services at the Abraham Lincoln Centre who listened to some or all of the sermons recently delivered on "The Gospel of the Farm" will be interested in the advertisement elsewhere of *Hoard's Dairyman.* This publication is to present this course of sermons to its weekly audiences of 80,000 subscribers and more, distributed throughout the world wherever the cow has intelligent friends, and good butter and cheese are duly appreciated.

A fresh volume from the press of 1909 contains a ripened sheaf garnered by the venerable hand of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The initial essay gives the title to the book, "Carlyle's Laugh." How glad we are to learn that Carlyle had a laugh, and how well does the genial Colonel interpret it! In this volume Colonel Higginson interprets a score or more of his contemporaries, among whom are Thoreau, Norton, Stedman, Hale, Emily Dickinson, and Julia Ward Howe. Altogether it is a book for the book-lover and none the less a book for the reformer. Colonel Higginson is a man who has ideas and who is large enough to have a "cause" and strong enough to live and, when needs be, to die for the same.

"The Book of the Week," as reported by the *Chicago Evening Post,* is the translation of a three-volume work on "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century," in which the costumes of France, Germany and England are described and reproduced. A reviewer amusingly suggests that the vanity of the ladies of the last century be reproduced by passing through the machine the moving pictures of their follies in hats, gowns, crinolines, petticoats, etc. Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago, has again been talking sense to the women about the nonsense of dress, and there are indications that the giggling laugh on the part of otherwise sensible women is beginning to give way to a degree of soberness. Why will not the ladies take themselves seriously in this matter? So long as men and women laugh at the besetting smaller (!) vices, so long will the little foxes destroy the vines of character.

Some months ago we spoke of a journey westward to be taken by our poet contributor, A. Judson Rich, Dighton, Mass. After having done all the "stunts" that belong to a youthful campaigner in the West, including the mule-back ride down into the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and seeing the "Big Trees," the "Royal Gorge," Pike's Peak, Cripple Creek, and everything from Chicago to Los Angeles and Seattle, he went home to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday with his old parishioners and ministerial neighbors, orthodox and heterodox. Mr. Rich began his ministry as a Baptist, he served an apprenticeship with a Congregational church, and has closed a very buoyant and hearty Unitarian ministry, and now he is still ready to preach, lecture, write poetry as a labor of love wherever he may be wanted. Seventy-five years seem to be easily achieved in such a presence. Perhaps the quitting time for a normal minister has been moved on a decade since those now in gray hair were boys, or perhaps the moving has been in the estimation of the grizzled boys. UNITY again extends its congratulations to the youthful Brother Rich.

The *Western Conference News Letter,* the monthly go-between of the Western Unitarian Conference, has risen to the dignity of a comely looking magazine in its January issue for 1910, with its sixteen pages and a cover. It reflects the activities and

to a degree the thinking of the Western Unitarian field. We congratulate Secretary E. C. Smith over the transformation, and the consolidation with *Old and New*, which, after long and heroic attempts to cultivate exclusively an Iowa Unitarian farm, has wisely given over the attempt. The Mississippi River to the East and the Missouri on the West are inadequate boundaries for an Unitarian fellowship. Local enthusiasms are good, but the best outcome of such enthusiasms is the destruction of their boundaries. The *News Letter* will best justify its name by pronouncing softly the "Western" and strongly the *"Confer"* part of the "Conference" word, as it does already minimize the word "Unitarian," which is eliminated from its title page, preferring the more adequate description of "a liberal religious magazine devoted to freedom, fellowship and character in religion." Its motto is: "We are co-workers with God"—a high challenge.

Rev. Clarence Reed, in the *Pacific Unitarian* for January, contributes an article on "A New Religion for the New Year." It is a bit of commendable frankness, showing insight into the better life and the higher needs of today. The new religion he asks for is to "make a person feel at home in this world"; to "emphasize the worth of the near at hand." The following list is unimportant, each individual must make out his own lists, the classic quality of which will be determined by the culture and scope of one's reading. But that every live spirit and earnest heart has a "sacred literature" of this kind, goes without saying, and it is ungrateful, undevout, not to recognize the same:

> The new religion has its sacred books. The scriptures of other religions and the past, while of great worth, are not sufficient for all ages. In proportion as religion is real to men to-day, it creates a sacred literature. Thoreau's "Walden," Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Amiel's "Journal," Froebel's "Education of Man," Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse," Jacob A. Riis's "The Making of an American," the essays of Emerson, and the speeches of Lincoln are part of the Bible of today. The Mayflower covenant of 1620, the Declaration of Rights of 1765, the Declaration of the Causes and the Necessity of Taking Up Arms of 1775; the Declaration of Independence of 1776; the Constitution of the United States; the Ordinance for the Government of the Northwest Territory of 1787, and the Emancipation Proclamation are not simply state documents, but are portions of the sacred scriptures of mankind.

In 1906 UNITY rejoiced in a movement looking toward the erecting of a suitable statue of the serene sage of Concord at the old home in the village of the benign name. Concord is permanently enshrined in the affections of the thoughtful because it was the home of the poet philosopher—undoubtedly the most universal citizen of the nineteenth century; boundaries,—geographical, political, theological or racial,—that circumscribe the fame and power of lesser men. For good and sufficient reasons the prosecution of the venture was suspended, but not abandoned, and that is, one whose citizenship overreached all the now we are glad to announce that the work is undertaken anew, and it should be successfully pushed to an early completion. Of course every reader of UNITY loves Emerson, and of course UNITY would be disloyal to its mission if it did not do everything in its power to advance the knowledge of and deepen the love for Emerson. The spiritual power and fitness of this monument will lay in the fact that it will be built by his admirers all the world over,—by the small gifts of the many, not the large gifts of the few. Although larger sums will be welcomed, the dollar contributions will be the more eloquent and most fitting. Are there not a thousand UNITY readers anxious to have a part in a dollar love offering, without counting it against any other good purpose at home or abroad? UNITY will be glad to hold the hat and put the dollars to one side until it can send forward a UNITY group of Emerson friends. We wish the list might be made a long one. Read our front page.

The need of publicity concerning the affairs of government is suggested by a startling letter addressed to the Hon. Allison Rooker, Congressman from the State of Colorado, by the Filipino Chamber of Commerce, whose headquarters is at Manila, the Congressman having paid an official visit to the Islands for the purpose of studying its economic conditions. The letter is a depressing one, but has all the appearances of being authoritative and truthful. The agricultural situation is reported as particularly bad. Conditions are reported as growing "more and more poor." The last ten years are pronounced calamitous because of the "exorbitant taxes" imposed and the diseases that have raged among "the labor-animals," although numerous sums of money have been spent by the Government to stop this evil. The "Bureau of Agriculture," although a costly one, as estimated in public opinion, "employs its time more in bureaucratic work than in public benefit." The coffee industry and the rice crop are reported in a bad way. It says but little has been done to perfect a drainage system, which is much needed. The man appointed by the United States "was not expert, and he, after an expensive trip through Egypt and India, resigned his position in America . . . and not one word has been heard from him since on such important matters." This letter complains that the actual budget of the Islands now exceeds $32,000,000, but in the better years it cost only about $17,000,000. This excessive budget, according to the letter, is "due to the luxury of the personnel and its salaries. The greater part of the budget is used for the support of the superfluous personnel." It speaks of a bureaucratic magnificence that calls for investigation. In view of all the facts, the address sets forth the necessity of cutting the expenses of the administration at least fifty per cent,

an administration which is declared excessive and complicated, representing a great many Americans and Filipinos who, were there an opportunity offered by the budget, would doubtless prefer to employ their own industry in commerce—the basis of wealth in such countries as the Philippines. The whole document, though phrased in unique English, is one that demands honest investigation and deserves wide publicity. It points to the inevitable dangers and iniquities of imperialism everywhere. It is not good form in journalism just now to dwell on the dark side of the record of the United States in regard to its "dependencies." But the real facts concerning the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, the present government in Alaska, and the proposed government in the Canal Zone at the Isthmus of Panama, demand a continuation of the agitation that will not down until the logic of democracy be heeded and local autonomy and home government be granted to these aspiring sections. A poor home government is better than the most benignant tyranny from the outside, and there are many things that the United States can do toward safe-guarding the life and property of these dependencies from dangers without and within without imposing upon them an outside government ever fraught with dangers of corruption, cruelty and wastefulness. Copies of this letter from the Chamber of Commerce of Manila dated November 5, 1909, can be obtained by addressing Erving Winslow, 20 Summer street, Boston, Mass. It is not of a kind that offers available "copy" to the great partisan dailies of the United States at the present time.

Legislation by Corporations

"THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY" is so much like a commercial proposition that the unwary "Illinois Manufacturers' Association" presumed that it was addressing a congenial fraternity. It is not presumable that many of the officers of that Association read UNITY. Consequently we are in receipt of a letter addressed to "corporations," which induces us to enter a protest which it does not ask of us. This communication, with its imposing letter-head, and its "heavy" commercial directory, informs us:

It will require an exceedingly strong pull all together to bring about a repeal of the publicity feature of the Corporation Tax Law. If you have not received a reply to the letters you sent to the Senators and your Representatives at Washington, please write or wire again and urge prompt attention. Impress upon them the fact that the publicity feature of the law will injure your business and will be of advantage only to those wishing to injure you.

Congress in requiring that your return shall be a public record has placed in the hands of the unscrupulous a most dangerous, and at the same time a valuable and fetching weapon to those who want to use it.

Respectfully protest to President Taft and point out to him how unfair and unjust it is to compel your company to do this thing.

It is suggested your executive officers as well as the stockholders of your company, who in many cases live in different districts from that in which the business is located and more often in separate districts, themselves write or wire. Please send a copy of every letter you receive to this office.

Remember that you have a right to bring your view to the attention of the President of the United States. *His committee asked you for your vote and for financial assistance in* 1908.

Subjoined you will find the names of the senators and congressmen of Illinois, also a form of protest and a statement as to how to make the inventory, prepared by Mr. Haynie, our general counsel.

A conference has been called under the auspices of the association to meet at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, Friday, January 14th, at 10 A. M., for the purpose of securing united action.

The italics in the above quotation are ours. THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY does not remember having been asked for financial assistance in 1908. We can understand how individual members of this and other companies might have been legitimately approached, both for votes and for campaign funds, by the electioneering committee, which the circular naively speaks of as "his." But we then protested and we now condemn in a democratic government, electioneering by corporations. Candidates who levy a campaign tax, however voluntary, on "business corporations," can have no object in view but "business," but inasmuch as THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY is a corporation under the laws of Illinois, and this association reminds us that we have a "right to bring to the attention of the President of the United States," this matter, one member of this Company, albeit he be President of the Company, disclaims any right to speak even for so humble a business compact as is engaged in printing UNITY. In this case it so happens that "The President of THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY" is also *Editor* of UNITY, and the Editor ventures to copy from this circular the "obnoxious corporation tax law":

The time between the receipt of the schedules from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and January 1, 1910, was too short for the great majority of the corporations to take inventories.

It will be necessary for each corporation, subject to the act, *to file the most accurate schedule which it can under the circumstances, and rely for its protection on the honesty of its intention.*

Under "Article 5" of the regulations it is stated:

"Where such inventory or its equivalent was not taken at the close of the year 1908, a supplemental statement showing such inventory approximately must be submitted with the return on the regular form. *Such supplemental statement shall be verified under oath by the treasurer or principal financial officer* in submitting the same."

It is believed that this may be done also, for the year 1909, *with substantial accuracy and without too much expense and inconvenience.*

Again the italics are ours. We print with literary integrity the "Protest" which this energetic secretary of the Manufacturers' Association furnishes us on presumption perhaps that THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY was deficient in the necessary intelligence to write its own comment, or did not know how to make the "Company," as such, a sentient entity. Under existing statutes no franchise is granted to corporations.

PROTEST

(American Cutting Company), a corporation, *files this schedule under protest, in order to protect itself and its*

officers from prosecution under the provisions of Section 38 of an act—

"To provide revenue, equalize duties and encourage the industries of the United States, and for other purposes,"

And for causes and grounds of protest, states:

1. That the *U. S. Government has no lawful right to demand a statement of its private business matters and then spread them before the public.*
2. Because the instructions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue are not uniform, and do not properly interpret the law.
3. Because the law is unconstitutional.

Once more the italics are ours. We protest against the "Protest," as being insolent, utterly wrong in theory, and terribly mischievous in practice. We do not know what the United States Government is for if it is not for just such inspection of methods and results of the business done under its protection and for the advancement of its citizens. Further, we cannot see how any legitimate business can shrink from a proper exhibit of its business for purposes of revenue and control. The Government does not exist for the protection of corporations, but for its citizens, and corporations that cannot live in the day-light had better die. The names of the President, Vice President, Treasurer, and the twelve directors found at the head of this communication are the names of gentlemen well known in the public world—men who would resent with great indignation any reflection upon their personal character or business integrity. The fact that they see nothing wrong in thus voting their "Companies" and thinking and speaking for them on such difficult and high questions of legislation and administration, to our minds, reveals a modern torpidity that is alarming. It is a confusion of the ethical sense by "business interest" that augurs ill for our nation. We protest vigorously against this attempt to throw the weight of "business organizations," which weight is always estimated in dollars and cents, at the national legislators, who unfortunately, many of them, if not all of them, are more or less indebted for their nomination and election to just such manipulation of "business interest" by "soulless corporations." We are afraid that THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY will lose the confidence of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association and will miss further communications from that source, but as requested, the President of that Company, acting upon the request of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, will venture to "bring his" view to the attention of the President of the United States, and to the two Senators and the twenty-five Representatives of Illinois, this protest against the "Protest," which is so conveniently put into the mouth of "An American Cutting Company"—unfortunate name. It is dangerous to handle edged tools; they sometimes cut the wrong person at the wrong time, and in the wrong place.

Fellowship in Temperance

The yearning for unity is bringing in the kingdom of God. The churches are coming close together for common work. Co-operation in reform and philanthropy is forcing a new fellowship in religion. The good people of the world are growing better by working in harmony. The warfare against many evils gathers new strength and wins greater victories at the present time, because all hearts, warmed with the love of God and man, are beating in unison as never before. All this is impressively illustrated in the realm of temperance activity. All faiths and parties and races unite to solve this great problem: one of the fundamental human problems. All over the world great meetings are being held, at which the last words of science and the best efforts of reformers are being reportd. This fellowship for temperance work among the churches expresses itself in America in a new organization, "The National Inter-Church Temperance Federation," which recently held a notable meeting at Indianapolis. The following churches are represented at present: Baptist, Congregational, Disciple, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian and Unitarian. It has adopted as its organ the *National Advocate,* issued monthly by the National Temperance Society (3 East Fourteenth street, New York City); and each church has a department in this paper in which to advocate its policies and describe its work. This co-operation in work and publicity will be as helpful as it is significant. In this connection, it may interest the readers of UNITY to learn that the Unitarian Temperance Society, which has just become a member of the Federation, has increased its activity by asking its president, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, to devote himself more extensively to the work of newspaper publicity, the wide publication of articles full of facts and arguments in behalf of temperance. The distribution of free tracts is to be continued, but it is felt that the newspaper and magazine are more effective in creating and directing public sentiment. An illustration of this truth is found in the fact that a recent article by Mr. Crooker has been printed whole or in part in nearly fifty different periodicals which reach many hundreds of thousands of readers.

The Twelfth of February

The approaching anniversary of the birthday of the great President makes it an opportune time for the reprinting of the following information concerning available lantern slides from the *DeKalb Review.* The readers of UNITY will remember that Mr. Fay's collection of Lincoln pictures was exhibited at the Lincoln Centre during the Centennial Celebration of Lincoln, and that it was a most unique exhibit. The slides herein mentioned were originally selected by and for the use of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The collection can doubtless be rented for a very reasonable price, and shipped to any reasonable distance. UNITY takes pleasure in com-

mending Mr. Fay as a man of integrity and enthusiasm as well as one of the most successful collectors in the United States.

LINCOLN IN LANTERN SLIDES

At the time of Lincoln's 100th anniversary, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, Rev. Milner, Chicago, and Rev. Andrews, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, made a selection of fifty lantern slides from the DeKalb Lincoln collection. A duplicate set of these slides is in the possession of H. W. Fay, DeKalb, which can be loaned at a reasonable rental for patriotic entertainments. They are colored or uncolored as stated after each picture; but they can be secured, colored or uncolored, by addressing H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill. The following is the number, title and description of the slides:

1. Lincoln Portrait. Made by Brady when Lincoln was president. "V" shaped hair on forehead. Robert Lincoln names it as the family favorite. By far the most widely circulated picture. Uncolored slide.

2. Norwich Cathedral, England, to which the Lincoln family has been traced. Uncolored slide.

3. Log House. Birthplace of Lincoln near Hodgensville in Hardin County, now LaRue County, Ky. The farm was in 1908 bid off at sheriff's sale by Richard Lloyd Jones, son of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Mr. Jones was sent to the sale by his employer, Mr. Collier, publisher of *Collier's Weekly,* N. Y., with instructions to buy. He outwitted some representatives of a liquor firm who sought to get hold of the property to make it into a beer garden. Mr. Collier turned the property over to the Lincoln Farm Association and a large sum of money has been raised to improve the farm and erect a building within which will be shown the log house in the picture. It is said that only a part of the logs belonged to the original Lincoln birthplace. The building was torn down years ago and stored away. When rebuilt many logs were missing and had to be supplied, but it is said to be practically identical with the house as it originally appeared. Colored slide.

4. Earliest portrait of Lincoln extant. From a daguerreotype now owned by Robert Lincoln. The picture supposed to have been made when Lincoln was about forty years of age. Uncolored slide.

5. The Lincolns moved to Gentryville, Indiana, in 1816. While in Indiana Abraham Lincoln worked on the Crawford farm and the well in the picture is pointed out as one that Lincoln helped to dig. Colored slide.

6. First Monument to Lincoln. In 1830 when Lincoln left for Illinois, James Gentry planted a cedar tree in Lincoln's memory. It is in the yard near the Indiana Lincoln home and this photograph of it was made about 1904. The lower branches have been broken off by souvenir collectors. Colored slide.

7. Lincoln's mother died in 1818 and was buried near the Indiana home. P. E. Studebaker erected the stone enclosed in the iron fence in 1879. Later the large monument was erected by popular subscription. Colored slide.

8. A letter from Alexander Hesler states that he made this picture of Lincoln in 1857 at the request of a Chicago attorney so that Chicago friends could get prints. After the nomination Hesler commenced to send this picture out, but its ruffled appearance did not suit the politicians, as the companion picture of Douglas showed him in evening suit. Hesler wrote to Lincoln for a new sitting. Lincoln replied that Hesler would have to come to Springfield. He went and made three negatives. One of these was given to a portrait painter and Hesler believed that the other two were burned in the Chicago fire. The first was discovered later in Philadelphia in 1893. Mr. Hesler was taking steps to regain his lost treasure when he died. Slide not colored.

9. The best Hesler portrait, made in 1860, at Springfield. Negative recently found in Philadelphia. Slide not colored.

10. After coming to Illinois in 1830, Lincoln made a trip to New Orleans for Denton Offutt and on return worked for Mr. Offutt, who ran the Rutledge & Cameron Mill and owned the Offutt store, at New Salem, twenty miles from Springfield. Slide colored.

11. The present appearance of the Offutt mill site. Slide colored, beautiful picture.

12. Site of the Offutt store, in which Lincoln worked. It is situated just back of the Rutledge & Cameron Mill. It was standing as late as 1836 and is supposed to have rotted down. A depression in the earth marks the location of the cellar, from which the tall trees shown in the picture have since grown. Slide colored.

13. The Lincoln & Berry store, across from the Rutledge tavern, near the Denton Offutt store. He and Berry, both without means, bought a stock of goods on credit. The venture was unsuccessful. The building was moved later from New Salem to Petersburg. The picture was made about 1904. Slide colored.

14. Ann Rutledge was Lincoln's first love. She was a daughter of James Rutledge, one of the founders of New Salem, and keeper of the village tavern at which Lincoln boarded when he was postmaster. On August 25, 1835, she died. She was first buried in Concord cemetery near New Salem. The place became deserted and the body was removed in 1890 to Oakwood cemetery, near Petersburg. The picture shows the present burial place and is marked by a boulder upon which is carved "Ann Rutledge." Slide colored.

15. After the death of Ann Rutledge, Mr. Lincoln showed great grief and his good friend, Bowling Green, took him to his home, one-half mile north of New Salem, to cheer him up, and he boarded in this log house for some time. Here he met Mr. Yates, afterwards war governor. Slide colored.

16. This negative of Lincoln was made by S. M. Fassett of Chicago, at the solicitation of D. B. Cook, who was present. One copy was given to Charles Sprague, the poet, and it later passed into the hands of William Lloyd Garrison. A copy of it was furnished to the DeKalb Collection by William Lloyd Garrison, Jr. Another copy of it was secured at Delavan, Wisconsin. It was pronounced in the east the work of Hesler, but he denied having made it, and afterwards a letter from Mr. Fassett himself cleared up the matter. The negative was destroyed in the Chicago fire. A write-up of this picture is in the *Century*, February, 1909. Not colored.

17. The frame of this picture was made from rails split by Lincoln. It belonged to H. S. Earley, Sycamore, but was burned in the fire at DeKalb in 1906. Not colored.

18. An ox yoke made by Lincoln, now in the public library room at the University of Illinois, at Champaign. Judge J. C. Cunningham testifies to its genuineness. Not colored.

19. In 1830 the Lincolns came to Illinois and the father located on the Sangamon River, ten miles west of Decatur. The following year Thomas Lincoln moved to Coles County, near Charleston and the house in this picture shows where he lived until his death. Slide colored.

20. Lincoln's father's grave near Charleston home. Slide colored.

21. Lincoln, 1857, and a relative, Rev. Hanks, pictures showing resemblance. Not colored.

22. Lincoln's Springfield home, where he lived at the time of nomination. Slide colored.

23. The Wigwam, Chicago, where Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. Not colored.

24. When Lincoln was nominated he was beardless, and Miss Grace Bedell, of Westfield, N. Y., a girl of eleven years of age, wrote to him and told him that he would look better if he wore a beard. When Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated he stopped at Westfield, and after his speech, he said he had a little friend in town by the name of Grace Bedell, and if she was in the audience he would like to see her. Grace was carried through the crowd on the shoulders of some of the men and Lincoln grasped her in his arms, kissed her and said that he had let his whiskers grow. An autograph letter giving the facts of this incident written by Grace, telling what Lincoln said in his letter of reply and what he said when he saw her is in the DeKalb collection. The picture is one of the first with a beard. Slide not colored.

25. The McNulty-Butler-German portrait of Lincoln was taken at Springfield just previous to Lincoln's starting for Washington in 1861. It was chosen by his home neighbors as the best likeness of Lincoln and used as a model for the painting in the Springfield capitol. The original negative, probably the only cabinet original left, west of the Alleghany Mountains, is in the DeKalb collection. Not colored.

26. When Lincoln was on his way to Washington he delivered an address at Philadelphia, February 22, 1861, and the painting is the scene of raising the flag over Independence Hall. Colored slide.

27. Lincoln and Tad. A picture that was at one time in every patriotic home of the north. Not colored.

28. Mrs. Stowe, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown, anti-slavery agitators. Not colored.

29. Slide from the autographic copy of the song, "We're Coming Father Abraham." Not colored.

30. Autograph copy of the song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and photo of Julia Ward Howe, the author.

31. Lincoln in McClellan's tent at Antietam, 1862. Colored slide.

32. Army group of Gen. Sherman and generals, showing Generals Howard, Logan, Hazen, Sherman, Jeff C. Davis, Slocum, Mayer and Blair in order from left to right. Not colored.

33. Lincoln with General McClernand in uniform and Allen Pinkerton in citizen's clothing. Picture taken in camp at Antietam, 1862. Colored slide.

34. "The Final Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation," from the painting by Frank Carpenter. The picture shows Lincoln and Cabinet. Not colored.

35. Ford's Theatre, Washington, where Lincoln was shot. Colored slide.

37. The chair Lincoln was seated in when shot. Not colored.

38. The Peterson house across the street from Ford's Theatre where Lincoln was taken and where he died. Colored slide.

39. The Hanging of Lincoln Conspirators. Photo taken after the trap had fallen. Not colored.

40. The Court House, Chicago, where the body of Lincoln lay in state. The picture shows building draped in mourning and people six or eight abreast passing through. Not colored.

41. St. Gaudens' Statue at Lincoln Park, Chicago. Colored.

42. The Ball statue, of which Whittier wrote a poem. Colored.

43. St. Gaudens monument, seated, erected at Grant Park, Chicago. Not colored.

44. The Adolph A. Weinman statue erected at Hodgensville, three miles from the Lincoln birthplace. Praised as best likeness in large statue. Not colored.

45. Another view of the Adolph A. Weinman statue at Hodgensville, Ky. Not colored.

46. Life size medallion cut in solid stone by John G. Prasuhn, a pupil of Lorado Taft, sculptor, Chicago. Made for the DeKalb collection. Not colored.

47. Front view of a life size bust of Lincoln modeled in clay by Frank Westerberg for the DeKalb collection. Not colored.

48. Profile of the Westerberg bust modeled at DeKalb. Not colored.

49. The White House, last home of Lincoln. Colored.

50. The Lincoln monument at Springfield, where he was buried. Colored.

51. The American Flag. Colored slide. From an original photograph.

THE PULPIT

What Are We Here For?—A Forward Look

SERMON PREACHED JANUARY 9, 1910, IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

The retrospect of the year 1909 has left my mind and heart full of suggestions and problems for 1910. I am not one of those who would make light of "New Year Resolutions" or would encourage flippancy in their presence. Our lives are poor enough at best; our actual aims low enough at best. Morality is stayed by rules, regulations, customs and pledges. Even a noble purpose broken, counts.

> "Perhaps the longing to be so
> Helps make the soul immortal,"

says Lowell. The solemn vow, the symbolic ring, the tears and smiles of the wedding moment, help somewhat to stay the wavering wills and the wandering fancies that inevitably follow.

So, let us spend this Sunday morning at the beginning of the new year in trying to get our ethical bearings, in making for ourselves, shall I say, a spiritual "program" for the year to come. For programs here as elsewhere are not only helpful but absolutely necessary to the highest results in all the departments of life.

What are we here for anyway? It is no shallow, idle superstition or hypocritic cant that is voiced the old hymn:

> "A charge to keep I have;
> A God to glorify;
> A never dying soul to save,
> And fit it for the sky."

Life *is* a responsibility, a charge to keep. There is "a God to glorify," if all science, which points to the far-reaching law and the universal order, is not a delusion and a snare. We are allied to never-dying realities; there is a soul that springs into consciousness out of a past infinitely deep; a soul impelled forward by a mighty urge infinitely high. And we are less than the worms of the dust, less than the winged birds of the air, less than the wild beasts that roam the forest, if we are not stirred with a purpose to fit ourselves for supernal things.

We are here to make the most of ourselves; here to rise on "stepping-stones of our dead selves to better things"; we are here to grow in sense, and, still more, to grow in sensibility. We are here to rid ourselves of silly customs, debilitating habits. Ninteen hundred and ten calls upon us to shed our vices, to live more cleanly lives, to economize and not waste our heavenly resources. We are here to take better care of our bodies, to train our minds more skillfully, to seek more diligently the companionship of the noble.

This old call of religion for personal morality, for singleness of heart and purity of mind, this old appeal of the church that seeks to save the soul from itself, its pitiable bondages, its fettering selfishness, its humiliating hurries and unworthy ambitions, holds. There is as much need of it now as ever. The vulgar speech, the filthy slavery to the cup and the cigar, the feverish anxieties concerning the fashions and the styles, the worse than wasteful gambling, from the "bridge" tables surrounded by the indolent women of the avenues to the crap-shooting of the gamins in the alley, are bad, always bad. They are a menace to the soul's growth and the soul's power, and we are here to lift our lives above these low things.

The only defective note to be detected in the old hymn is that about the "sky." This word has carried too much a suggestion of remoteness in space and time as the goal for which the soul is to be fitted. The spirit's "sky" is here and now; the heaven we are made for is realizable on the earth and in the body.

And so, we are here to save our souls today and now, in Chicago. But the old anxiety for the individual soul, the old call to save one's own soul, is inadequate. Religion now concerns itself with larger units. Not the individual soul, but humanity, is to be fitted for the skies. The individual soul is not an integer; it is a fraction, a part of the larger unit, and its maximum can be reached only when the maximum of the race is reached. There is no individual salvation. Whittier is everlastingly true when he says:

> "The soul is lost that's saved alone!"

So we are here, not only to quit our drinking and our smoking, to quit our loafing and our flippancy, but we are here to learn to dress more simply, to eat more wisely, to work and wait in larger units, in better proportions.

The power that brought us here hath set the solitary in families. We are here to make better homes, to raise more wholesome children, to elevate the sanctities of the fireside. We are here to rear family altars, to reduce the vagabondage of modern society, the restless roving that dooms the family to an itineracy destructive of the associations and the ties which constitute so large a part of the tuition of youth and the comfort of old age. The urgent task of today in Chicago is to re-establish the home in the lives of the favored. There is something horribly wrong in the tendencies of the day that multiply domestic wrecks that delegate more and more maternal care and parental direction to nurse girls, governesses and tutors. We are here to perfect the home; to re-consecrate its altars, to re-discover its sanctities.

But the home is yet a fraction. Domestic loyalties, fireside vigilance, consecrated fathers and mothers, are inadequate to the making or the preserving of any home. Family loyalties, no more than individual loyalties, measure our obligations. Neighborhood sanctities are imperative. Your children no more than your house can be saved from the contaminations that are brought into the community. Sanitation of soul and of body is a municipal problem.

And so we are here to save the city. We are here to grapple with its problems, to study its fundamental and ethical needs, to share in its humiliations and its triumphs. Smoke-consuming agitations, bill-board crusades, architectural reforms, even the suppression of the saloon, the abolition of the gambling dens, and the removal of the white slave trade, are superficial reforms, impossible to be realized, disappointing if realized, until we go further down and further back, base the city in righteousness and abolish from its offices the vulgar, the dishonest, the seeker after wealth or position. The "grafter" and the "boss" must be supplanted by the seeker after the public weal and the promoter of the commonwealths before our city can be saved.

For this task, and nothing less, are we here. Chicago is but one square in the patch-work quilt, one pattern

in the larger fabric; it is only one county out of a hundred counties in the state, and its degradation or exaltation is absolutely interwoven with that of the state. Illinois is but one out of forty-six states in the Union, and the United States is but a small field in the great North American farm. The so-called British possessions to the north of us are twice as large as the United States, and Mexico, with the republics farther south, which occupy so small a space in our intelligence and consequently in our respect, have tremendous interests, all of them inter-locking with our own. The future wheat-fields of the United States are being opened up in Canada, and we may well remember that the banana bunches from Yucatan often carry to Water street the deadly tarantula. All the western continent, from Patagonia to Alaska, is as yet too small a territory, too dependent a community, too petty a fraction of the obvious larger unit of civilization to make any elevation of it possible or any advancement of its interests practical without taking note of our nearer neighbors, our more intimate fellow citizens of Europe. Europe and America are tied by electric wires with Bombay and the Cape of Good Hope.

Thus, by the instincts of self-preservation, by the pious purpose of saving our own souls, the holy passion to "fit our never-dying souls for the skies," we are lifted into this consciousness of a great world relation, into the pride and joy of the big family of man, into a comradeship and a communion with all the world.

What are we here for? We are here to perfect our own lives, that we may sweeten and strengthen the home altar; that the home in turn may help save the community, the community ennoble the city, the city elevate the state, the state help uplift the nation, the nation take its place an as active partner, an essential factor, in the federation of the world.

Now let us make our question more specific, press our inquiry into closer quarters. What are we *here* for? We are asking the question on Sunday morning, in the church. I am asking it as a minister of religion; you are asking it as worshipers, as those who in more or less definite ways would enter into the inspirations of the prophets and the saints. We are here in the place of prayer, the house of prophecy,—we are here in some real fashion as the inheritors of the traditions and inspirations of Jewry, the struggles and triumphs of Christendom, the discipline and the wisdom of the Orient, the beauty and melody of the ancient Greek world, aye, the mystical power of Egypt, the organizing triumphs of the Latin races, the conquering power of the Gothic tribes, the dreams of the Celtic clans, the monasteries, cathedrals, schools, galleries and museums of the world,—all of them in some real fashion the product of religious inspirations, the measure of religious potency.

So I put last and highest the claims of the church because it, more than all other organizations, the home included, functions religion, makes organic, permanent, potent, the work of "glorifying God" and fitting the undying soul into its eternal destiny.

You ask, What is the church? Of course it is not any body of doctrine or system of ritual; it is not a matter of form or routine, of place or dates, and still, inasmuch as souls must be embodied, homes housed, cities equipped with court houses, school houses, post offices and council halls, so must the church, which is a compact of men and women in the interest of the highest, be housed and its activities formulated, its aspirations must find some *method* of expression, however imperfect. Any body of men and women seeking the highest constitute a church that would glorify the ever-living God and lift souls into the sky-lands of beauty and duty.

We are here then, as All Souls Church, in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, at the beginning of another year, to increase our acquaintance with things eternal; to break through the clamor and rattle, the hurry and weariness of things, into the peace and poise of the spirit. We are here to acquaint ourselves with the immortals, to enter into communion with deathless things. We are here to be made ashamed of our hurry, to be lifted above our worries, that we may cease our whining, fault-finding and meanness. Do you ever stop to think how poor an excuse we have for declining the highest tasks, evading the highest privileges, refusing the noblest calls upon our time and strength, when we say, "we are too busy; we have no time"? And do you realize how often this excuse comes from those who have most to do with in the way of material help and resources? The more servants, the less time; the more money, the less leisure; the better the equipment of the house, the more confidntly do we offer our excuse of "No time," or "Too busy." The better equipped the mother may be with helps to raise her children, the more nurses, the more governesses, the more tutors, the more school teachers, aye, the more dress-makers and milliners, the more cooks and servants, oftentimes the more unblushingly is the apology given in the face of God and man, "I am so busy I don't know where to turn! You must excuse me." Excuse from what? Excuse from being in love with truth? Excuse from wielding the forces that would elevate your neighborhood? Excuse from laying hold of those lines of thought and love and co-operation which alone will make for the strength and beauty of the home, the purity and comfort of the city, and the advancement of the state and nation.

So I say we are here to cut through the entanglements of the superficial life that make us too busy to read, to think, to sing, to pray, to vote, to teach whatever it may be that will bring down the kingdom out of the sky, the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of equity and justice.

In the second place, to say the same thing in a little different way: We are here to find the broader fellowship, the truer kinship, to enlarge the home circle. Here again the mission of the church is superlative; there is no substitute for that communion and kinship that brings together men and women, old and young, rich and poor, into some feeble comradeship that is symbol and prophecy of the salvation of man. Here again all excuses must be analyzed and apologies must be justified. We are here to break through the distractions of secondary and transient combinations when they stand in the way of primary comradeships, fundamental fellowships. Such combinations are your clubs, male and female, when they seek to elevate the quality of their communion by cancellation, casting out the unattractive, the uncongenial; your lodges that would make sacred the bonds of brotherhood with symbols and signs, pledges and secrecies; your fraternities and sororities that would discount the sweet, the binding ties of culture, the fraternity of letters, the society of art and the inspirations of science with "Greek letter" limitations. Such are the society houses that thrive by exclusions, making their members conceited by a

callow selection, expecting to find comradeship and co-operation strengthened by the whimsical choice of boys and girls rather than by the divine processes which ordain the laws of selection established in the nature of things, the guiding genius of evolution, which, interpreted on its lower and coarser side, is the survival of the fittest, but on the higher and spiritual side is the survival of the noblest, the triumph of altruism where the loving are the victors.

Let me not be misunderstood. There may be a place for all these secondary affiliations, transient fellowships, specialized comradeships; but only in so far as they are subservient to and supporters of that wider brotherhood, which is best represented by the church as I have described it and which is best realized by the churches, wherever and however found. With all their limitations of creed and superstition, they still stand for a fellowship sweeter and more enduring, a comradeship more real and helpful, a brotherhood more practical and lasting than any of these smaller and cheaper communions. So I say that we are here to advance the profounder interests of mankind, to enhance the wider fellowship.

Again, inasmuch as we are body-bound, environed in matter, inasmuch as growth and life itself depend on bodies suitably clothed and fed,—we are here to study and to promote all those things that make for the physical as well as the social and psychical well-being of the community. We are here to learn how to play the game of life fairly; how to give every man a show and every fellow a chance. It becomes the pious duty of the church, the highest demand of religion, to guard the child from impoverished blood, to protect the mother from over-work, and to so distribute the resources of the world that the heaviest burdens will fall on the strongest shoulders.

The combinations of greed are insistent, aggressive, triumphant. We are here in the church to make the combinations of love and justice more invincible; to find a better way, to organize our charities and reconstruct our benevolences. It may be a kindness to establish and support crèches, co-operative nurseries, baby pastures, in order that mothers may go out and earn, over other people's wash-tubs, the meager crust and the night shelter for the babe carried home in weary arms; but it is much better to see to it that the mother be saved from such social wastefulness. The time is surely coming when a more enlightened age will look at a crèche as an instrument of torture, a drain upon the body politic, sapping the vitality of the unborn.

It is well to gather the orphans into "asylums," but it much better to prevent the manufacture of orphans, and when, in the vicissitudes of mortal life, orphans are made, they should be saved this aggravation of their orphanage caused by withdrawing them from the normal currents, into the disciplines and opportunities of the free and complex life of the community. The aggregation of normal children in abnormal institutions, falsely called "homes," is medieval, and should be brought to an end by the activities inspired by religion. The churches which have built asylums and which now largely support them, must busy themselves in the better way, with undoing the work they have done, in order to do it in a better and higher way.

We are here, then, as a church, to lift our homes out of the fever and hurry of secondary and passing ambitions; to lift our communities into wiser benefactions, our cities into nobler administrations, our nation into more economic investments of its mighty resources. We are here in the interest of the higher politics, of constructive statesmanship and international interests.

Let us look around us and see what is doing and the things that need to be done today in our city, state and nation. By way of illustration, I will venture to specify three, perhaps four, storm centers, points where the battle rages, where the loving and the loyal are rallying, and where we ought promptly to find a place.

1. Here in Chicago in these very days the friends of sobriety, those who know that the saloon and its attendant curses are irreligious, antagonistic to progress, demoralizing to the home and the state, are mustering for an open contest at the polls next spring. Have you signed the petition? Are you working for it? Or are you "too busy" to attend to this most fundamental contention that is going on in the city of Chicago today?

2. Are you watching intelligently the splendid spectacle in New York City these days, scarcely mentioned in our Chicago papers, where forty thousand young women,—seamstresses, shirt-waist makers,—have been standing out and standing together in the face of cold, hunger and imprisonment, for many weeks, in the interest of humaner conditions and more just combinations? This protest, this rallying, is something not to be dismissed with the flippant word "strike." It is a call for justice which was first vocalized in Yiddish by a Jewish refugee. The call has been heard and heeded by three thousand Italian girls of the Catholic faith and discipline, Catholic devotees standing shoulder to shoulder with the daughters of Israel. This movement is backed by such leaders of society and representatives of wealth as Mrs. Belmont and Miss Anna Morgan, daughter of America's great financier. Up to the present time two hundred and seventy-five different firms have capitulated and about twenty-five thousand women are back at work. Some six thousand are still out. The girls of Philadelphia, by force of circumstances inevitably drawn into the battle against their sisters, have refused their bread and are joining in the ranks.

What do these girls want? Simply a better adjustment of a wage scale; the right to stand together and a maximum of fifty-two hours' work in a week. Brotherhood is on trial down there, and the inspirations of Israel's host, the guidance of the cross, are invoked by these unarmed girls who are engaging in perhaps the largest industrial strife ever witnessed in America. Religion is involved in this struggle; we are here to listen, to heed, and to help.

A third illustration: How long have we of the pulpit and you of the pews stood wringing our hands helplessly in the presence of the unspeakable disgraces of city administration? We have accepted as incurable the ills of partisan politics in city governments; we have waited in nerveless imbecility year by year for the "bosses" to hand us our tickets, and then we are compelled to choose almost blindly from a monotonous list of evils. If perchance a good name gets on the ticket, it is hopelessly entangled with bad names and committed to bad methods.

The story of Galveston, the city that was saved by a flood, has been told in this pulpit more than once. The awful calamity which flooded its streets, drowned its citizens by the hundreds, also drove the rascals out of the town. Out of their desperation a new type of municipal government was born, "government by commission"; and lo! the city of Galveston has risen

like a queen out of its submergence. It is today sanitary, prosperous, honest, the admiration of the world, and nearly fifty other cities of the nation are following its example. Eight states of the union have passed "commission laws" for cities; the Galveston plan has been tried and it works. We are here to lay hold, promote, and advance such plans.

A last illustration: What has been done in Washington this last week? Here is no place to discuss details; the entanglements of personalities, of parties, are too intricate to be discussed or perhaps understood, but this much we must see and must say, if we would not violate these sanctities. Here is a man who has brought into the service of the nation exceptional talent, splendid resources of mind and purse, and given the same unstinted measure in the interest of the common weal. He has won a name that is spoken with honor wherever the students of progressive statesmanship are. He has sought to conserve, for the benefit of unborn generations, the priceless resources of forest and waterfall; and this last week, in order to save the "dignities" and the intricacies of officials, he has been relieved from duty. While on the other hand the growing arrogance, the grotesque impudence of the man who has so confidently controlled legislation by the power of the gavel rather than by the voice of the majority and the freedom of utterance, has been rebuked. There are many signs that there is to be a tardy strike for liberty among the law-makers at Washington and that the gag of party and the dictation of committees, and, above all, the unholy persuasion of "patronage", are not always to obtain.

We are here in the interest of religion, to mourn over the loss of one public servant and to rejoice in the rebuke given to another.

But enough. "What are we here for?" To read new meaning into the old hymn that has been an inspiration, guide and warning to mulititudes of devout souls. The name of the author has been lost but the hymn survives, and is as good for us as it was for our fore-elders. We may readily correct the obsolete theology in the interest of the still vital ethics. We are here to bring the old hymn down to date; indeed to "glorify God"; to "save" the soul by fitting humanity for heavenly things; to unify and enlarge the citizenship in the sky-lands of the soul, here on earth and now.

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

"Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die."

Those mystic symphonies of thought and will and feeling forever played out in auroral silence on the face,—we ourselves determine whether lofty thoughts, pure self-controls, and gentle, generous feelings shall be the elements which blend to make them. Only habitual nobleness within secure them; but this will bring them all. —*William C. Gannett.*

THOU SON OF MAN

Oh, Son of Man, at early toil and late,
Thy work made all our common toiling great;
Thy weariness sought rest in quiet sleep;
Thy need asked bread when hunger's pangs began;
Thy tenderness, bereft of friend could weep,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh, Son of Man, along this earthly road,
Where strength needs hope to bear life's weary load;
Where courage fails betimes lest hope is vain.
'Tis then we learn through thee God's gracious plan
To lift our daily lives to higher plane,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh, Son of Man, on earth's stern battlefields,
Where triumph waits for him who never yields;
Not captain of the host, nor armored knight,
Nor valiant chieftain thou of mighty clan,
But, side by side, our comrade in the fight,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh, Son of Man, in thy deep anguish prone,
We see thee prostrate, hear thy heart-wrung moan.
No pride of power hast thou, no grace supreme;
But, worn and faint beneath the world's fierce ban,
A stricken human brother, thou dost seem,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh, Son of Man, 'tis ours to tread and know
Each step of thy life-pathway here below;
And "greater works" than thine 'tis ours to do,
Through life's new force that with thy life began
To prove our equal claim to sonship true,
Thou Son of Man.

Oh, Son of Man, not cleansing by thy death
May mortals gain, nor soul-life's vital breath,
Thy death was but thy pledge in pain and shame,
That *Love* our utmost human need outran.—
Our Father's love, in thee,—that living flame,—
Thou Son of Man!

Oh, Son of Man, thou breathing love of Him
Without whose light the radiant worlds were dim,
Thou art our way to truth, and life, and peace;
God's will in thee all heaven and earth might scan,
And so we know all sin in us shall cease,
Thou Son of Man!

Camp Hill, Ala. —*Camilla Sanderson.*

Only Plucked Egrets are Sold

The ornithologist will tell you that it is true that the white egret is grown and lasts only during breeding time, and that each egret in a hat means the death of a mother bird and the starvation of her young, but the average milliner will add: "These egrets that I have, however, are of a different sort. Most of them, you see, are not white, and the colored ones have been manufactured, not plucked."

That statement is simply a trade lie. *That is all—a lie.* The only egret used by milliners is the egret of the white heron, grown and gathered in the manner just described. If it is of any color save white, it has been dyed in deference to an unhappily increasing fashion. Heron's plumes are, it is true, often sold as "ospreys," but this is a palpable joke, since the osprey of science is the plumeless fish hawk. Invention cannot imitate the egret and "manufacture" is impossible.

Almost as much might be said—and said, of course, in vain, for the harbor gull. Priceless as we know these birds to be in their efficiency as seaside scavengers, their handsome white breast feathers have been made into millions of turbans, often with the head of their cousin, the tern, or sea swallow, perched on one side to lend "finish." The result was beautiful and you liked it, but it was beauty at a high price.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

FREE-THINKERS AND FREE-BELIEVERS.—The beautiful harmony that has hitherto reigned in the Union of Free-Thinkers and Free-Believers of Paris seems to have been rudely disturbed at its meeting held to protest against the execution of Professor Ferrer. After an address by Mr. Kaspar, Rev. Wilfred Monod attempted to distinguish between the responsibility of Christianity and that of Catholicism as more or less implicated in this affair. Scarcely had he begun to speak, however, though in the most circumspect way and quoting statements from Messrs. F. Buisson and Seailles, of Christ the Redeemer, but simply of Christ as the inaugurator of social progress, proclaimer of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, than he was interrupted by noisy cries from his auditors of: "Down with the callot! One religion is as good as another! No good God for us! No God and no master! We did not come here to listen to a sermon! . . ." His discourse ended amid howls and uproar, while the freethinker members of the Union made no serious effort to defend their free-believer colleague.

Commenting on this lamentable fact in the *Revue du Christianisme social*, Rev. Elie Gounelle says: "When we speak before even the elite of our freethinking colleagues and friends, of Christ or of God we feel that they are embarrassed, restless, or pityingly scornful. They regard as mythology, it would seem, our whole Christianity. Freethinking tolerance ends in France precisely where belief in the Christ and Savior of the world begins.

WILFRED MONOD AS THEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR.—On December 7, Rev. Wilfred Monod, recently appointed professor in the Theological Faculty of Paris, outlined his course in practical theology in an introductory discourse attended by a large number of students, professors, pastors and laity of both sexes.

It is difficult, says the *Vie nouvelle*, to reproduce the intensity of spiritual life, of faith, and of evangelizing purpose in this lesson, which, however, will be published in extenso. The speaker threw his whole self into it, and he will be able, as he said, to direct the attention of young ministers to their triple duty as Christians, pastors and evangelists until their hearts burn within them and they are penetrated with a sense of their apostolic mission.—His ministry as professor will thus be the flowering of his pastoral ministry, which he is unwilling to relinquish.

THE EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL OLD-CATHOLIC CONGRESS.—This congress, says the *Semaine religieuse*, was held September 6-10, in Vienna, under the presidency of the Jansenist bishop, Gerard Gul (Utrecht), and counted in its personnel five bishops: M. M. Herzog (Bern), van Thiel (Harlem), Mathew (Warmsdorf in Bohemia), Mathew (England), and Volet (France). Bishops Demmel (Bonn), Spit (Deventer) and Hodur (Chicago) sent regrets. The Russian and Polish sect of Mariavites, which numbers thirty-three priests and 200,000 adherents, was received into the Old-Catholic fold. The case of the Evangelical Catholic Church of England was laid over. It seems that the mayor of Vienna and the Austrian minister of worship did not hesitate to send letters of welcome to this congress of the excommunicated.—On the 4th of October following, the spiritual head of the Mariavites, Dr. John Kowalski, received Episcopal consecration at Utrecht at the hands of the Old-Catholic bishops of Holland, Germany and England.

M. E. H.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Erie, Pa.—Religious fraternity and international hospitality are growing. Recently the pastor of the Unitarian church of this place, Rev. T. P. Byrnes, exchanged pulpits with the pastor of the Presbyterian church, Rev. J. W. Brockway, and nothing happened, except that both congregations were delighted, both ministers had grown a bit and the community a little bit nearer the kingdom. Later the Erie Ministerial Association arranged for a mass meeting and invited Mr. Byrnes to give the address, on "Civic Righteousness." The meeting was announced in all the pulpits, attended largely by clergy and laity, and the meeting proved one of the occasions of the season. Let others go and do likewise. As might be expected, the work of Pastor Byrnes is growing.

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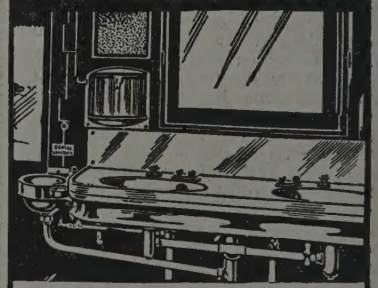

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